do you feel ugly ?

don't worry... you're beautiful on the inside

[illegible] scare me

are you gonna die?

can I see your scar ?

I know how you feel

but you look healthy

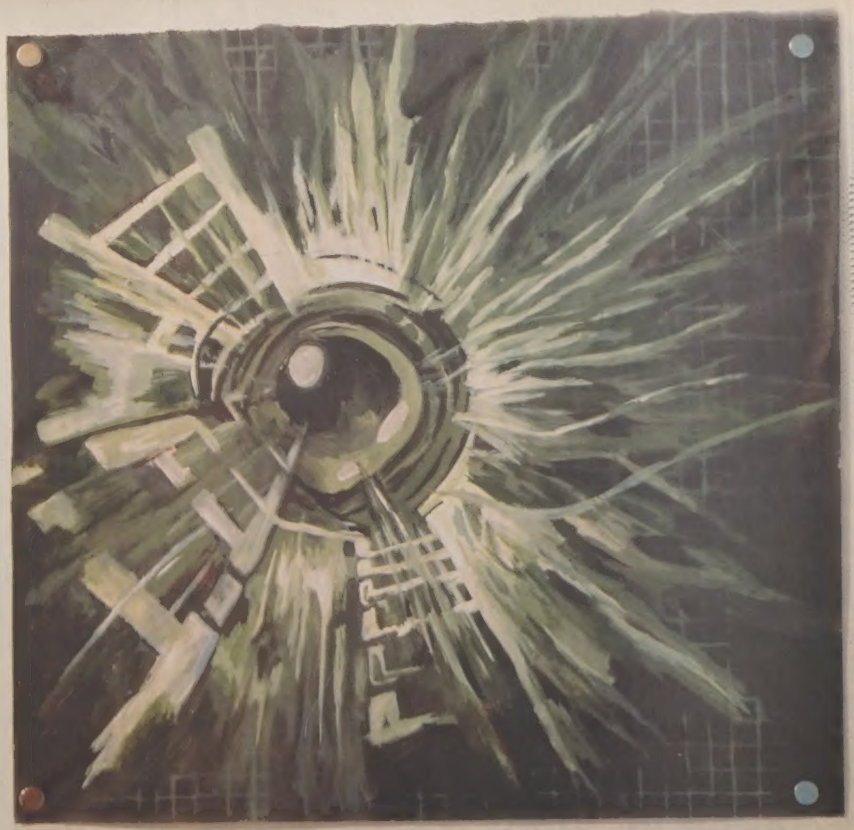
what are you going to do?

it's nothing sinister

why don't you call me anymore?

... my friend didn't make it...

The Underground



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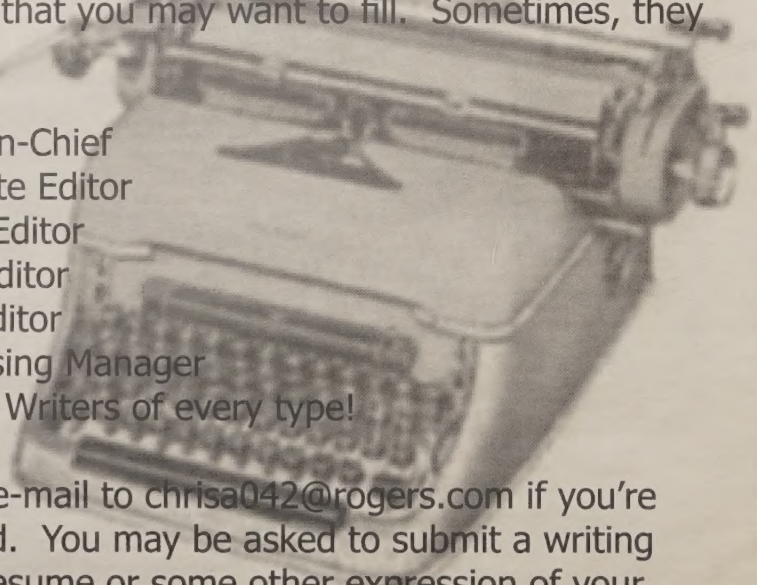

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and Staff Writers of every type!

Send an e-mail to chrisa042@rogers.com if you're interested. You may be asked to submit a writing sample/resume or some other expression of your competence as a writer/editor/manager.

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BODY
not my autobiography

Though the title suggests the grander theme of the exhibit that Calder has compiled and curated, it has still been a labour of love, or hate, or both. Like all artists, Calder has many reasons for her work. The driving forces will become apparent once you step into the Gallery's little nook of the Meeting Place. You will encounter an exploration of women, of their bodies, their diseases, and their lives of dis-ease.

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Deconstructing AIDS

Thirty students and three guest speakers gathered in the Council Chambers last Wednesday for an educational seminar that deconstructed AIDS and its effects on the world today. This deadly disease was discussed in a number of ways, but the focus was primarily on the international, academic, and local levels.

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The Underground

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Thanks to Fathima Mohiuddin (who kept John and Gordon in line, and did lots of running around for us this week!)

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At **The Underground** we love unsolicited material, especially letters and opinion pieces. Should such material be typed or printed and delivered to **The Underground**'s snazzy portable by or before noon on the Friday prior to the desired publication date, we will more than likely print it. We kindly ask that submissions be of 800 words or less and that they include the writer's name and student number.

Submissions become the property of **The Underground** and may or may not be published at the whim of *The Editorial Board*. *The Board* reserves the right to poke fun at submissions, post them on the wall in **The Underground**'s snazzy portable (for the enjoyment of our staff and guests) or alter them in print in any way provided it is so acknowledged. By submission, authors implicitly bow down to the total editorial control of *The Editorial Board* and freely consent to the addition witty comments and criticisms (especially in the case of libelous or malicious submissions) courtesy of the snarky editors.

For a more official-sounding **Letters and Opinions Policy** contact ***undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca***

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editorial

St Patrick is Crying, Whoever He Is

You sayin' I'm not Irish? Well, you're right, but I'm drinking anyways because St. Patrick's Day is an excuse to drink, and if you can't find an excuse to drink, then you probably have a problem. The parade on Sunday was surreal, with the highpoint being a float that featured St Patrick in a large glass box, surrounded by snakes. I'm told that this makes sense (as opposed to my contention that it didn't), because St. Patrick banished the snakes from Ireland or something. Far be it for me to complain while staggering down Queen Street clutching a water bottle filled with vodka. But if you can rationalize it in some way, like, "I'm going to celebrate a culture whose history and culture I can toss aside completely while retaining the only custom that I care about, which is dedicating an entire day to drinking," then it's all okay. And maybe it's even like a kick at the establishment or the machine or something. I haven't been to an antiwar rally in almost two weeks now, so I haven't raged against anything in a little while.

Speaking of war (and who isn't?), do you think it's any coincidence that Bush is making a speech at 8:00 tonight (Monday)? Since this has passed, you were probably somewhere similar to where I was - on your third beer and getting ready to crack that bottle of cheap whiskey, wondering why they're showing the same thing on every channel. Prediction: Iraq is gone by the time you read this. No one will ever mention it again, because the Mother of All Bombs has terminated its existence while we were all out drinking. And those antiwar rallies sure were effective, huh? All that noise and traffic-blocking sure helped out all those dead kids and their families. I had no idea that so many people were opposed to *taking the fucking hint that Bush isn't listening*. On the other hand, cooler protest methods like the human shields weren't all that useful either. Who knew that a bunch of people willing to stand between Saddam and a big fucking missile would be so damn catty? Who cares if Steve ate your rice cake! Don't go home!

But with regard to the address, let's play a game. See how close I am in predicting what Bush said. It's kind of like Mad Libs, except real human lives are at stake.

_____economic recovery_____protecting our freedom/kids/standard of living_____triumph over the axis of evil_____ _____minimal civilian casualties_____<under his breath>Turkey and France, you're next_____Let's Roll!

If I got them all right, I'll chip in to buy the biggest piece of plastic and the largest fucking roll of duct tape I can find. Then you'll all be safe from the only bomb in the world that couldn't penetrate Saran-Wrap.

One other thing you're not safe from is articles about elections and the plebiscite. Sorry folks, but you have at least one more week of election coverage after this. Though we're publishing the results of the SCSU elections this week, they are unofficial until all of the appeals (there are many) have been processed on Wednesday. Someone who's not complaining, though, is UTSC's own Adam Watson, whose appointment to the Governing Council is already official. He's the first student from a suburban campus to be on the GC in years, and he's from Scarborough, so shake his hand if you see him. The SAC elections were online this year, and logged about 5000 voters. While I'm sure this number is a result of the polls being so easy to access, I think that a general lack of complacency on St. George is a factor as well. Full results can be found in the News section.

In case you hadn't noticed by the amorphous blob of information that this editorial has started to become, your trusty rusty Underground staff has been drinking heavily today despite having only one Irish staff member (Guess who it is! Hint: not me). Because of this, you might notice a difference in the quality of the writing...Who am I kidding, there's no difference in the writing, and if there is, it's for the better. Despite our intoxication, this issue has a ton of news (take that, CNN!), a vast quantity of art to peruse, including Melissa Calder's installation in the Meeting Place (take that Ansel Adams!), and a cover that kicks the crap out of both *Shift* and *VICE's* covers this month (take that, counterculture in general!). We've also got at least one review of the Drama Society's *Evening of Theatre About Theatre* that you don't get to see because it was a week ago. But it was good so we're going to rub it in your face.

Someone once told me I should be writing for porn, but I'm going to disprove them with this really professional editorial, which I think is at least worthy of the *Sun*. So just lay back, turn the page, and let the Underground do its thang.

Sachin Hingoo
Associate Editor

letters

[DISSENT]

To whom it may concern,

Being a second year student who feels that SCSU has let the student population down yet again I am glad that somehow we are being represented somewhere, by the newspaper.

After MONTHS of attempting to plan an event for a 'recognized' club that I am the president of I was about to give up. I had received the run-around since September and was tired of it. Luckily I spoke to another SCSU worker and he assisted us but was confused when he learned of the time and difficulty that the club went through. That was letdown number one.

Second, as I was one of the approximate 7% of the student population who voted to make a change in this school. I was again confused and disappointed by SCSU with the plebiscite vote. The only explanation that I had received was a mass e-mail to the student body that was grossly biased and not at all enlightening about what the vote was for. It was only after a class on propaganda that I learned that a plebiscite is a term used to refer to the 'common people and their consensus' and was used by Augustus Caesar and Hitler. They used the term to make the common people think that they actually had a voice in what their leaders were doing. The people were wrong, it's an empty word and is used by politicians to fool the voters into thinking that they have the ability to chose what happens to them.

Are we fools for putting up with this? Maybe, but at least I voted and tried to make a change. It's funny though, nothing changed, maybe that's why I'm a plebe...

L.V.

mailto: undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca
subject: letters

Hello Constituents,

Firstly, I would very much like to thank all of my constituents who voted last week on ROSI for the Governing Council elections. I owe a debt of gratitude to all of you. As your newly represented Student Governor, I very much look forward to the opportunity to represent ALL students at the University of Toronto, especially those students of the east and west campuses who are all too often under-represented.

The first item in my mandate is to ensure that ALL students have an active and informed vote through me on Governing Council. Thus, as of September 2003, I will be starting a forum which will be held 3 times per month: once at the Scarborough campus, once at the St. George campus, and once at the Erindale campus. The main intent of the forum will be to ensure that ALL students have the chance to voice their concerns to the Governing Council. I will look into the issues of all students, and will ensure that my voice is heard at the council table.

Again, I would like to thank-you all for the opportunity to be your voice in the senior decision-making processes of the University of Toronto. Please feel free to contact me without hesitation. adam.watson@sympatico.ca

"All For the Students"
Yours Truly,
Adam Watson
University of Toronto
Student Governor

"The continuous pressure is to create ads more and more in the image of audience motives and desires. The product matters less..."

- Marshall McLuhan

The News In Brief...

Because you really don't have any idea...

Wednesday, March 12, the Council Chambers was host to the seminar "Deconstructing AIDS," with representatives from the AIDS Committee of Toronto, the Polaris Study of the University of Toronto, and WorldVision Canada. The seminar consisted of talks regarding AIDS in the homosexual community in Toronto, current research on AIDS, video footage from Africa, and all the statistics you could ever want. See more about the seminar in Christian Lucier's article, page 15.

Passion against Pain

Local spoken word poet Dwayne Morgan appeared at IMANI's Art for AIDS night in front of a standing-room-only crowd at the Student Village Centre last Thursday night. Other performances included freestyling, singing, live painting, and original piano. Admission was free, but donations went to help AIDS programs, and you got free food and Chupa Chups in return.

Students sue U of Waterloo for $11M over bar closures

Published: Thu-13-Mar-2003
By Brian Bradley, Brock Press

ST. CATHARINES, ONT. (CUP) - The University of Waterloo Federation of Students has taken legal action against their university, seeking $11 million in damages after the closure of two campus pubs in January.

In light of the Waterloo bar closures, the Federation says the University breached the Liquor License Act by contracting out the sale and service of liquor to the Federation at the Federation Hall and 'Bomber' pubs, without allowing them to have their name on the license.

"They are in violation in terms of contracting out," said Chris Di Lullo, vice-president of administration and finance for the Federation. "The Alcohol and Gaming Commission told us to put our name on the license. It would have been easy."

As a result of the forced closure, they have lost thousands of dollars in revenue from the pubs, which serve about 40,000 patrons and bring in $2 million annually.

The Federation is seeking damages on a number of grounds, including negligence, breach of contract, breach of trust, negligent misstatement and misrepresentation, trespass, unjust enrichment and intentional interference.

"The University came in and made the decision for us," said Di Lullo.

The first sign of trouble came at the beginning of the second semester, when the University informed the Federation that they would be going into the pubs to do inspections. The University found both establishments to be in "excellent condition," and declared both to be "two of the safest establishments in the Kitchener-Waterloo area," said Di Lullo.

Then without notice, the University told the Federation that they wanted to take over management. The Federation refused, and the University closed both pubs.

"They have said they do not trust us," said Di Lullo.

He said the University was aware that an easy resolution to the problem would be to put the Federation on the liquor license, but "they don't feel they will have enough control."

Martin Van Nieroer, a University of Waterloo spokesperson, would not comment on the lawsuit or the universities trust in the Federation to hold a place on the liquor licensing of both establishments.

Brock University Student Union President Mark Baseggio said he fully supports Waterloo's Federation of Students and believes the closure is a result of poor attitudes towards student unions in general.

"I admire them," said Baseggio. "Student unions need to take a more hard-line approach towards administrations."

More SCSU elections drama...

Appeals have been made for several votes in the SCSU elections of March 5th and 6th. Sanna Szeto, current Vice President Operations, had lost her bid for reelection to Jacinda Clarke by one vote: 195-196. Szeto immediately asked for a recount, and ended up on top by one vote: 196-195. It is likely that another recount will be asked for, but we can only wait and see.

Scott Tremblay, current Vice President Students, ran for President in the recent election. The majority of votes went to Dan Bandurka, but Tremblay has appealed the vote. No further information is available at this time.

The infamous plebiscite question, which ended up receiving 67% of votes in favor of the consolidation, has also been appealed. While it is obvious why it was appealed, there is no available information on who did appeal it, or what their specific reasons for appealing were. More on this next week.

And the results are in: Bandurka's Back

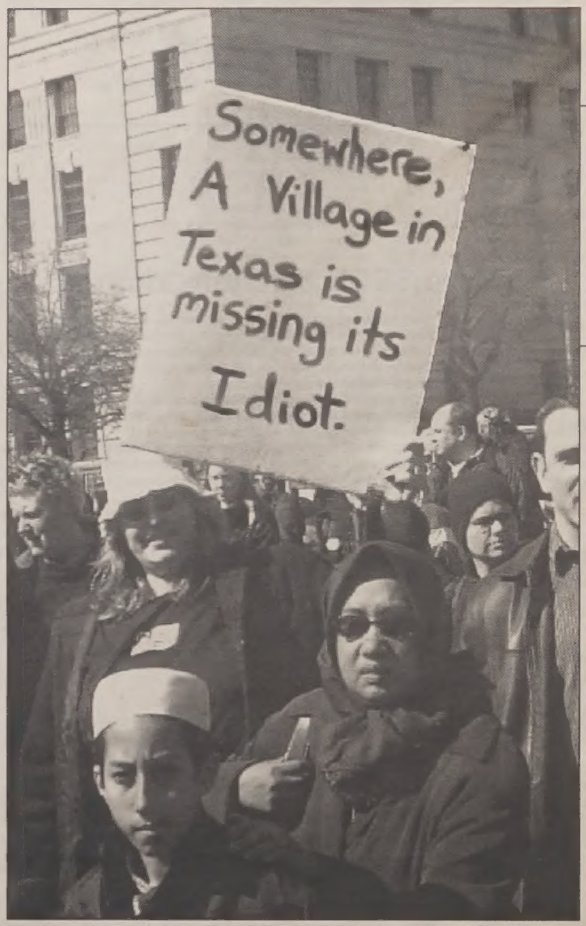
Late-breaking news from the SCSU Elections officials puts the following people in the following offices... Can you dig it? (*ed. ñ These are probably not official until Wednesday, when the appeals will be decided. Please feel free to dig it anyways.*)
PRESIDENT:**Dan Bandurka**
VICE-PRESIDENT ACADEMICS: **Preet Virdi**
VICE-PRESIDENT OPERATIONS: **Sanna Szeto**
VICE-PRESIDENT STUDENTS: **Anjali Mohan**
CLUBS OFFICER: **Jon Agg**
SOCIAL ACTIVITIES OFFICER: **Zawadi Nyambu**
LIFE SCIENCES REPRESENTATIVE: **Ishraq Alim**
HUMANITIES REPRESENTATIVE: **Jeff Rybak**
COMPUTER AND MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES REPRESENTATIVE: **Subhi Farah**
SOCIAL SCIENCES REPRESENTATIVE: **Chanel Chung**
MANAGEMENT REPRESENTATIVE: **Virata Thaivasigamony**

And the other results are in: Ashley Morton is SAC Prez
The SAC Elections were last week, with a pretty good turnout that is possibly a result of the fact that it was online. And the winners areÖ
PRESIDENT: **Ashley Morton**
VICE-PRESIDENT OPERATIONS: **John Lea**
VICE-PRESIDENT UNIVERSITY AFFAIRS: **Howard Tam**
VICE-PRESIDENT EQUITY: **Julia Munk**
VICE-PRESIDENT STUDENT LIFE: **Jason Young**
VICE-PRESIDENT UTSC: **Ryan DeMello**
DIRECTORS ñ UTSC: **Quentin Stossel, Sarah Mak, Mary Auxi-Guaio, and Ameena Hassan**

The News in Brief is compiled by *The Underground*'s News Editor, Gordon Lane.

Contact Gordon at ***brokennewseditor@hotmail.com***

news



It's somewhat confusing as to what makes a President think that he can completely forego International Law when he upholds inane federal laws against pot, arresting 80 year old women who only use it for their glaucoma, or against same-sex marriages, because then he wouldn't get all that tax money! Aww, what the hell, let him bomb the place. Just know, Mr. Bush, that I, Gordon Lane, am an American, and you are not; I am not going to go suck your dick to keep my citizenship! Anywho, here it is in a nutshell: someone is missing their village idiot. Photo taken at the March 15th Anti-War demonstration and march, Toronto, courtesy of the Metro Network for Social Justice.

word of the week!

immolate

immolate \IM-uh-layt\ *transitive verb:*
1. To sacrifice; to offer in sacrifice; to kill as a sacrificial victim.
2. To kill or destroy, often by fire.

Usage: The witch-hunters threatened to **immolate** me again.

Weekly Haiku

by Sachin Hingoo

Last minute haiku!
Okay, okay here we go:
"Nature and stuff, whoa.

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arts

Student Theatre Doesn't Suck

Kevin Pighin

There's a new show airing on TLC called 'Faking It'. In case you're not familiar with it, the premise is that in each episode a person is uprooted from their everyday existence and, in three weeks, is transformed into a convincing poser at some crazy job or other lot in life. Last week a buttoned down Harvard graduate (who seemingly majored in uber-nerdness) left her job as a wire monkey at a video editing company and was re-invented as a cheerleader for the Atlanta Falcons; who, by the way, convinced two out of three professional recruiters that she was legit, and got to participate in cheers in front of 70 thousand people. If Plato were alive, he'd be pissed. After watching this show, it seems that we are NOT actually predisposed to certain lots in life, and that the world could be our oyster if we tried hard enough. After all, if a Bible-belt bred farmer can become a convincing Hip-Hop DJ, or a factory worker can bump elbows with 'fellow' snobby rich people at a wine tasting competition, then anything is possible. Situation and location, and motivation now brew the cocktail of success more so than breeding, genetics, or formal training. Just plop anyone in a situation as far removed from his or her routine as possible, and in a short space of time, that amazing human adaptability kicks in and they become the embodiment of their surroundings…location becomes vocation, or so we are led to believe.

The idea that I want to highlight here is location, because sometimes this idea of putting a high degree of importance on location becomes skewed by the entertainment industry. In the case of TLC's "Faking It", location was used to highlight the adaptability and versatility of your fellow human beings. In the entertainment industry on the other hand, location often eschews the narrow and rigid idea that location determines talent. As a result, the general perception is that if you want to see a good play, you need to go to the right places. However, theatres sometimes gain reputations that don't always reflect the level of talent present (sorry, Mr. Mirvish), and this means that there are times when you'd be surprised at where you thought you might find a great night out, and where you actually do find it. Those of us in the know here at UTSC have come to depend on students to produce great theatre, and *An Evening of Theatre ABOUT Theatre* proved itself to be another example of just that – great theatre. Each time I go to see one of the student productions, I always end up thinking about the other plays that I've seen in theatres of "repute" all across the city; and every time I can find little difference in the quality of the 'student' plays and the 'professional' plays that I see. Considering that the Drama crew here at UTSC operate on a tight budget (even for a theatre group) and have even less to work with than, say, a better funded theatre company like CanStage, the work they ultimately produce denotes resourcefulness, tact, and most of all talent. Also, under the direction of Paula Sperdakos it seems even a student who hasn't been a devout dramatist since he was born can execute a very difficult and technical comedic role with great timing and poise. Of course, I'm talking about Michael P. Taylor, a student of psychology not of drama, who put fourth what was in my opinion the standout performance of the night. Putting natural talent aside for a moment, an actor's impressiveness on stage is often the result of a collaborative effort between actor and production staff, who can sometimes be overlooked.

Well, at this point I've succeeded in breaking just about every rule of review writing and said a lot without really mentioning the play. But really, since it's already closed and you can't go see it anyway, there was really no point in whetting your appetite with a few plot teasers and highlights to look forward to. So, all I really have to say is the same thing I've said since I saw my first play in the LLBT: "UTSC puts on professional caliber plays that are every bit as entertaining and challenging as those you would venture long treks on the TTC and pay larger admission fees to see. Those that missed this past production missed out on some of what makes this place special, and, if you should want to cash in (and by God you should!) you'd do well to keep your ears and eyes peeled for any upcoming productions. See the posters, buy the tickets, watch the show…you won't be disappointed.

Arrrrrt **Fathima Mohiuddin**

Exploring women's bodies

New exhibit opens tonight in the Gallery

I met Melissa Calder four years ago. The fifth year Arts Management Co-op student, and Senior Residence Advisor, has been a regular fixture of Residence Life at UTSC for at least as long. Hers is a well-known face on this campus. And in this, her graduation year, she presents her first art exhibit, opening today in the Gallery UTSC.

BODY: not my autobiography.

And though the title suggests the grander theme of the exhibit that Calder has compiled and curated, it has still been a labour of love, or hate, or both. Like all artists, Calder has many reasons for her work. The driving forces will become apparent once you step into the Gallery's little nook of the Meeting Place. You will encounter an exploration of women, of their bodies, their diseases, and their lives of dis-ease.

This show will succeed on personal level for many people. The personal is made public. The works exhibited are at once a lament and a celebration. A cry for understanding and a declaration of "You will never understand."

I dropped into the Gallery as Melissa put the show together. What follows is an excerpt of a conversation between friends. A conversation that should convince you that this is not her autobiography.

Chris McKinnon
Editor-in-Chief

CM: I heard you saying you were going to put the date above these pictures… Are they a progression from diagnosis, from then to now?

MC: I almost did that… It was just too painful.

CM: Do you have those pictures?

MC: Yes. The day before diagnosis: No knowledge. And then a couple days after diagnosis, one week later: Knowledge. And it just looks completely different.

CM: Really?

MC: You can just see it in my face. You can tell in my eyes.

……

MC: Chris, is this straight?

CM: Lower a bit… You're pretty straight.

MC: Pretty straight?

CM: You'd have to get really close to see… And be supercritical. Only I would do that…

MC: Maybe my cut isn't straight.

CM: Good enough…

……

CM: So you don't want this article to mention that you're sick?

MC: I'm worried that this is going to become part of the gossip-mill. I'm worried that this is going to be the next hot topic on campus… But what I really want is for people to come and see the show and actually see what it's about. This is not about me. I'm part of it… I'm a component of it, but there is much more to this than just my narrative. I think that a lot of [women] have common narratives regardless of diagnosed disease, or clinical dis-ease… But I think rather these are common threads, common narratives that run through women's lives.

CM: Do you think that my writing an article about you doing this show is going to compromise that?

MC: Potentially.

CM: And how do you feel about that?

MC: I feel that I've worked so very hard to write about… in my actual [thesis] paper… about things that have relevance to women within Western society and how we live in our own bodies, as being female and being at dis-ease, or having disease… And I think that maybe by writing an article about me specifically, it's being regressive. It's no longer just the body, but a personalised one. And one that's well known… Not as a physical body, but one that is well recognised, and one that's involved. And it's not about me. That's one of the things that concerns me…

And the other thing that I'm concerned about is that through research, and through living it, I've realised that people are going to judge me… according to my health, or lack thereof. And the reason that I kept this a secret for so long is because I don't want to be seen as anything different than how [people] see me already.

I'm taking a risk. I'm gambling… If people want to change their opinions of me now, then that's up to them. But still, it's going to be really difficult to not know what people are thinking.

I don't want people to come and see the show because I'm sick… to get the low-down… that's not what the show is about. That's the exact opposite of what this show is about…

……

MC: I'm really not comfortable with this…

CM: I know, but that's what this is about… Isn't it? If you were in a comfortable place then this wouldn't be any good.

MC: If I was in a comfortable place this would not be good.
[Long pause.]
Are you still recording?

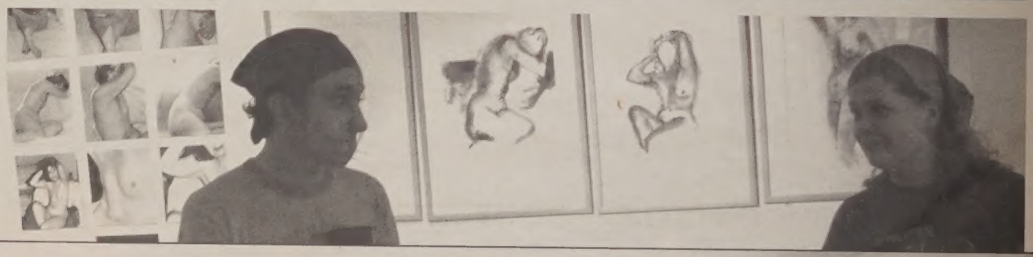
CM: Yes, I am. Would you like me to turn it off?

MC: Please.

……

CM: Okay now I'm taping.

MC: Okay. What I'm saying is that this



is a narrative. It may be a progression from young to now, or from diagnosis to disease, to a recovery, or a place of comfort within oneself…

CM: It may be…

MC: It's not supposed to be sensationalising.

CM: But what if the whole thing backfires? What if it turns into the gossip-mill that you're trying to avoid?

MC: It can backfire in that sense…

CM: Does that give it new significance?

MC: It has new significance, but it has less significance… What I really care about is that the people in this room that have contributed, that have done something, given something that they want to contribute, something that they want to say… And if someone out there wants to say something else, and make this about who's sick and who's not sick, or gossip, gossip, gossip… Well, that's their own disease.
[Pause.]
Christopher… You're pushing me.

CM: Am I pushing you? Always.

MC: I think that we're living in a society where disease is so much of a taboo… That living with disease, you're automatically stereotyped… People will view you in a certain way. If you have AIDS it changes people's perspective. If you have ADD or ADHD… If you've been raped. You hear or read things that are processed through the media, through different cultural forms, like video, or movies, and art, and magazines… You think of it as a huge, mammoth, awful thing. But when you actually start to live it, it gives a new reality to it. The fact that someone is sick obviously changes their perspective on life. But I don't think that it fundamentally changes who you are. Your body may change from treatment, etc. but I think, more often than not, it's society that thinks of you differently.

.....

MC: The purpose of the show was to explore the whole, to explore the idea of living at dis-ease, or with disease… That's the whole purpose of the show.

And it's a whole hell of a lot easier to read about it, and research about it, than to actually do it… And that's where I'm having a problem. Talking about something that's so private. Publicly, not just in terms of visually, but to actually come out and say it…

CM: But isn't the purpose of the show so that you don't have to…

MC: Hide?

CM: No… So that you don't have to say it. You can stand behind the work now, and let it speak for you. You can say "The work is my comment."
Instead of having to explain this to people yourself, you can say "The art will explain it, because this is too painful."

MC: I don't think that it's too painful… I think that the art explains it better than I can articulate it. I think that people need to come and see what I mean.

.....

MC: At the end of the day, you know, you might have your partner beside you in bed… But at the end of the day, you're alone with your thoughts. And you're alone with your own disease. And no one else is there…
People can go home and gossip, and talk about it and pity that person… but then the next topic comes up. Or they can linger on it, but they don't go to sleep with it. They don't wake up with it. It's all within that person. That person has to live with the actual pain. The physical, the mental, emotional… pain… anguish… whatever it is.
I think part of what I'm saying in my piece is that perspectives coming from outside are becoming old. It's the same thing all the time. That's what I'm showing with the deterioration of images… That… That people's comments can have an effect on you. And it's up to you as to whether that is negative or positive. Some days it's easier to say "Well, you're not going to get me down." And some days, like everyone else, I have bad days. On those days it's specifically difficult to try and deal with things…

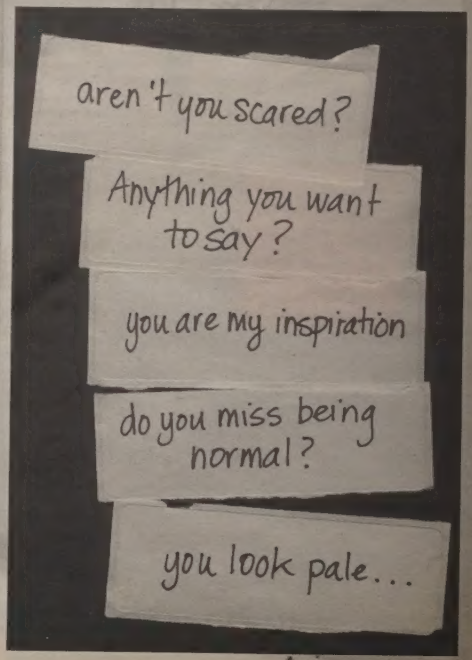
Like people that walk by the Gallery and laugh because there are breasts on the floor… I wonder what it would be like for them if tomorrow they were diagnosed with breast cancer, or someone in their family was… How funny would it be then? Then they can ask me to see my scar. Just a sec...

She walks outside and brings the male and female students that were giggling about the breast-sculpture on the floor, and brings them into the Gallery. "This show is about how we see women and disease… About how their bodies are affected by disease." The sniggering has stopped. "Does that change the way you look at it?" she says, pointing from the photograph of a nude woman whose breasts have been removed, to the sculpture. The students nod. " I thought so."

Opens Tonight, 7:30
The Gallery, UTSC

Contact:
notmybio@yahoo.com
416.287.5649

(refreshments will be served)



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AS SEEN BY

du Maurier ARTS

Evening Of Theatre About Theatre Was The Mother Of All Plays

No it wasn't, but it was dece.

THIS IS A PLAY
Starring Dave Hale, Erin Howe, and Shelagh Hughes
Rating: ★★★☆☆

THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE
Starring Michael P. Taylor, Krista Watson, Lindsay Forbes, Candace Harnden, and Andrew Epstein
Rating: ★★★★☆

Sachin Hingoo
Associate Editor

If you've never seen a 'student play', you probably associate it with missed lighting cues, overacted characters and bizarre, confusingly abstract plots.

Consisting of two plays ,the aptly-named This Is A Play (it was), and The Actor's Nightmare., the UTSC Visual and Performing Arts' *Evening Of Theatre About Theatre* embraced the conventional perceptions of 'student plays' and threw it back in your face. **PA-DOW!** In your face!

The evening opened with a faux-Broadway style song and dance sequence that, while its humor wore off in about ten seconds, served as an adequate introduction to the style of play that was to follow, namely, a play that is aware of itself as a play (if that makes any sense). See, the "theatre about theatre" thing wasn't all talk. That's about as articulate as I'm feeling right now.

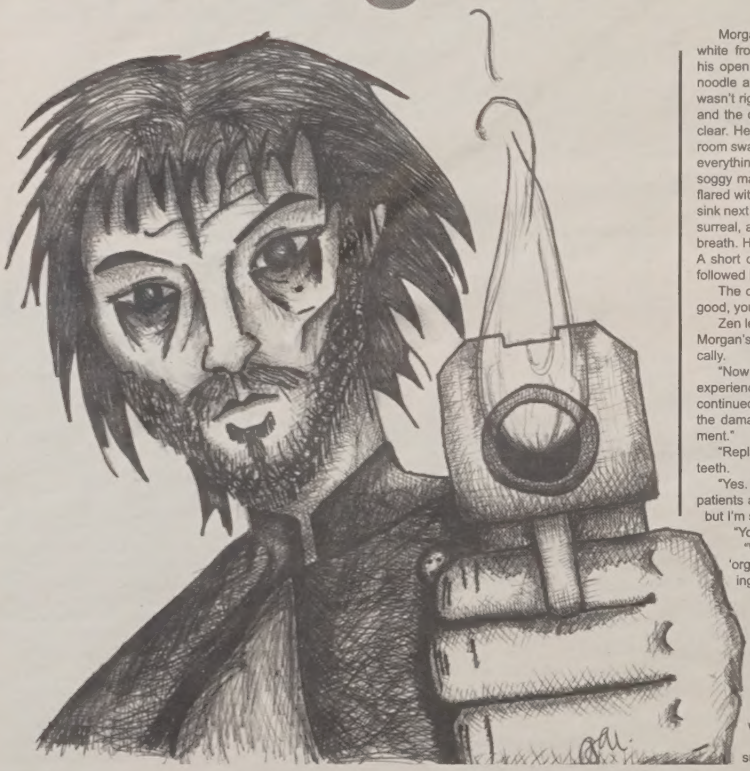
Following the dance sequence, the lights faded to black. This is A Play opened with the audience sitting in darkness and listening to a man expound on 'originality' (and other such abstract concepts) while what sounded like a film score droned in the background. This performance was actually a play-within-a-play kind of deal. Rather than actually performing the play - a hackneyed drama called *A Stranger Among Us* - the actors would read stage directions or reveal their actual thoughts on the other actors, the stage crew, and the production itself. Ostensibly, hilarity would ensue. And while this might sound complicated, the cast brought it off seamlessly. Erin Howe (*Female Actor)*, Dave Hale (*Male Actor*), and Shelagh Hughes (*Older Female Actor*) gave incredible performances, effectively having to play two different characters at the same time - the actor and the character in the play. Not since Eddie Murphy have I seen such versatility. The ability to convincingly portray a character who is trying to portray a character is a concept that is making my brain hurt just to write about, but it must be good. Erin, Dave, and Shelagh all have this ability, so they win.

The Actor's Nightmare, though funny as anything, was just a bit unsettling. If This is A Play is a comedy (it is), then this production would be a dark comedy and yes I know that was only half an analogy. Michael Taylor portrayed George Spelvin, who is inexplicably trapped in a play after never having attended a rehearsal. Forced to make up lines and interact with other characters that he knows nothing about, he stumbles and falls through nightmarishly awkward circumstances, into parodies of plays by Beckett and others. The Stage Manager (Krista Watson) feeds lines to Spelvin and often has to act in the play herself. The other actors (Andrew Epstein, Candace Harnden, and Lindsay Forbes) attempt to cover for Spelvin, leading to a too-long monologue and a hilarious conclusion. Again, the audience became aware that this was a play which was aware of its status as a play, while at the same time being plunged into the sheer awkwardness of having to perform a play you'd never heard of. The monologue, which consisted of Spelvin trying to talk his way out of the situation was perhaps a little too long, but this is not a fault of the performers. Blame the playwright.

The VPA Drama crew, including the expert direction of Paula Sperdakos, came through with these two plays. Both productions screwed with your head in a way that wasn't altogether unpleasant, and succeeded in taking theatre to a level that a pothead would probably describe as being, "whoa…so, like…*meta* and shit." Meta and shit, indeed.

groundworks

groundworks



Memories

David Hale

Morgan sat limply in the old dentist's chair, his face white from shock. Sweat dripped from his brow into his open unseeing eyes. His left arm hung like a wet noodle and ached slightly letting him know something wasn't right. Outside the office door he could hear Zen and the dentist's muffled voices but the words weren't clear. He lifted his good hand and wiped his face. The room swam before his eyes as his vision came back but everything seemed miles away. Gingerly he fingered the soggy mass of skin and bones that hung at his side. It flared with pain and he was forced to vomit in the small sink next to him. Glancing at his damaged arm, it looked surreal, as if drawn by a child. He groaned and drew a breath. His head lolled to one side as the door opened. A short old man with glasses and wispy hair entered followed by Zen.

The old man spoke as if he was behind water. "Ah good, you're awake."

Zen let concern show on her face for the first time in Morgan's memory as she glanced at the door periodically.

"Now I've called someone who has a little more experience with your particular problem." The old man continued monotonously. "He should be able to assess the damage and see if you are in need of a replacement."

"Replacement?" squeaked Morgan through gritted teeth.

"Yes. He specializes in this line of work. Usually his patients are less lively when he salvages their… parts, but I'm sure he will be able to help you."

"You've called an organ-legger?"

"Well, he prefers the term 'retired surgeon' or 'organ recyclist', but yes, in a manner of speaking."

"Great."

"My facilities should be adequate for your operation, the only question outstanding is the one of payment."

"The payment will be worked out after," Zen interrupted.

"My contact will not be happy with…"

"Your contact will do as he is told." Zen said with finality.

"Yes, I suppose so," he replied with displeasure.

Morgan nodded and sagged further in the chair. 'How did he get himself into these fagging messes?' he thought. Then, the world faded out around him.

* * *

He felt himself slipping. Falling. Back into unconsciousness. Back into his memory. The memory of that night.

It was a cool night, the sky clear. The smell of cheap cigars filled his nose as he sat in the passenger seat of Martinez' van. Martinez, the rigger, had this foolproof plan:

"…That's right. 20,000 each. We finish the run as planned. The fuel-air bomb will destroy the mainframe and any records kept by Renraku. We extract the exec. from his office and we're scott-free."

Morgan shifted uneasily in his seat, "But what about…?"

"Don't worry," Martinez smiled, his grin as plastic as his dashboard. "None of them will suspect a thing. They all trust you. With a reputation like yours they'd follow you into the depths of hell."

Little did they know that they would do just that. Morgan felt a chill at the truth of the rigger's words. The team mostly consisted of rookies aside from Martinez and himself.

Queue, their Decker, only signed on for this job because he heard that Morgan was heading up the

operation. The fair haired youth had smiled when he met Morgan and shook his hand with a zest that Morgan had only seen in BTL junkies right before they plugged in a chip. "A pleasure Mr. Morgan. I hope to do you proud."

Darkfeather, the shaman, followed Raven as his totem. Raven is greedy by nature and so are his followers. Darkfeather had signed up with little question when he had heard about the payoff. Raised outside of Seattle in the lands of the Cascade Crow, he was reasonably experienced in his art but naïve in the ways of the street. Somehow he still believed in the inherent goodness in people. How wrong he was.

Chrome, the youngest of the group, figured himself for a Street Sam because of his few implants. He resented Morgan for his experience and considered him over the hill because his cyberware was a few years old. He thought he was hot drek all right. But it was his own self-assuredness that would cost him his life.

* * *

Morgan's memory swam inside his closed eyes. In the real world the sound of machines monitoring his heart rate and blood pressure filled the room. He got a brief glimpse of a dredlocked head bobbing to a pair of headphones as he carefully severed the skin of his shoulder with a scalpel. Then darkness and fear reached up to drag him back down into unconsciousness. Fear. The fear he felt of that night came back with a vengeance. The eager faces of the other runners whizzed past as he fell. Suddenly he found himself sitting in Martinez' van surrounded by them. Their excitement hung in the air only heightening his guilt. He was sure one of them would notice. One of them would suspect him because he couldn't meet their eyes. He forced himself to be cool, unaffected. He ignored the nagging voice in the back of his mind.

* * *

There was a flash and he was deep within the walls of the Renraku Pyramid. The runners were in high spirits. The timer was set on the fuel-air bomb; they were almost finished. They moved as a group. Chrome bullying the bound and blindfolded corporate exec. down the hall. They neared the exit doors that would lead them to Martinez' awaiting van and then to freedom. As they got close Morgan was bombarded by second thoughts.

"…No wait," he said.

"What is it?" asked Darkfeather as the group slowed.

"C'mon we're almost there," answered Chrome.

"No wait… Let's use the other door, this one's… compromised."

"What do you mean? There isn't a living guard in the area and we still have a three minute window before Lone Star shows up," said Queue concerned.

"No its not that… its…" Morgan frowned warring with himself.

"Don't be paranoid old man, we're home free," quipped Chrome pushing the exec. out the side door the group in tow.

As the door swung open, Martinez stood before them his Ingram Smartgun in hand.

"What are you…? Why aren't you in the van?" asked Chrome pushing the exec. to his knees.

"Now Morgan!" snarled the rigger.

"Wha… started Darkfeather as twin MCT Rotodrones dropped to eye level and opened up with their mounted weapons.

Morgan drew his Guardian and took aim ant the back of Queue's head as the Decker stood stunned. Morgan fired and turned away as Queue's body toppled to the ground. Guilt turning him inside out. The smell of blood filled his nostrils as the Rotodrones tore apart Darkfeather with rapid fire. Amid the machine guns barking like rabid dogs, Morgan could hear the rigger's maniacal laughter. The blood. The floor slick with ooze. The screams of his dying teammates. Chrome dodged to one side as Darkfeather fell.

"You backstabbing slotter!" he yelled as he drew his pistol. Turning he was caught in the crossfire of the twin Rotodrones and Martinez' Ingram. The gun slipped from his fingers as triple lines were drawn across his chest.

"Fraggin' slot…" he gurgled as he fell.

Morgan's guilt overwhelmed him. His team. His friends. All lay dead and bleeding around him. He stepped over Queue's motionless body. The cool night air washed the stench of blood away as he walked outside. He shook with remorse as he stepped past Darkfeather and Chrome.

"Good work Morgan, all according to plan," Martinez said with slime in his voice.

Morgan felt sick as he walked past him. It wasn't worth this. They were all dead because of him. All dead.

"Don't feel bad chummer," Martinez continued. "Just think about the payoff."

Morgan ignored him and stood facing the wind. Behind him he heard the rigger slide a fresh clip into his Ingram. The hair on the back of his neck stiffened.

"Don't feel bad… just think about the payoff," Martinez said again with a sneer in his voice.

"That's all that matters right? Its all about the nuyen," he replied coldly his fingers tightening around his Guardian.

"That's right… that's right chummer. Don't worry, it's all over now."

Morgan spun in place as the rigger fired. Slugs tearing through the folds in his long coat. The air around him vibrated as the shots whipped past. He squeezed the trigger as a scream of rage escaped his lips. The bullets tore into Martinez. Up his chest, his neck, his jaw, snapping his head back. His eye, his forehead, blowing the top of his skull open and taking him off his feet. The drones wobbled in the air and lost direction as their connection to the rigger was severed. The trio crashed to the ground. The drones twitching in mock death throws.

Morgan froze the Guardian clicking in his hand, his scream dwindling. Slowly he sank to the ground holding his head. He felt sick in the pit of his stomach. The world spun around him and he was forced to close his eyes. He knelt, shivering, overwrought with grief. Somewhere inside the building an explosion shook the foundation. Mission Completed.

Morgan's eyes flicked open as sirens filled his ears. Lone Star. He pushed himself to his feet. Holstering his pistol he ran. He ran until his lungs burned and his legs ached. He ran into the shadows, burying himself in their darkness. Disappearing into their safety.

* * *

He shot up in his chair. Their screams. Their faces all coming back. Haunting him.

"No! Get away from me!" he cried

"Just relax Mr. Morgan. We're almost done here. You're doing fine," replied the street doc soothingly. Then to Zen "Help me retrain him."

She nodded and pressed him back into the chair as the doc injected another syringe into his arm.

"No… No…" mumbled Morgan as his body relaxed. He trailed off as he went back under the anesthetic. His eyes fluttered for a moment and he lay still.

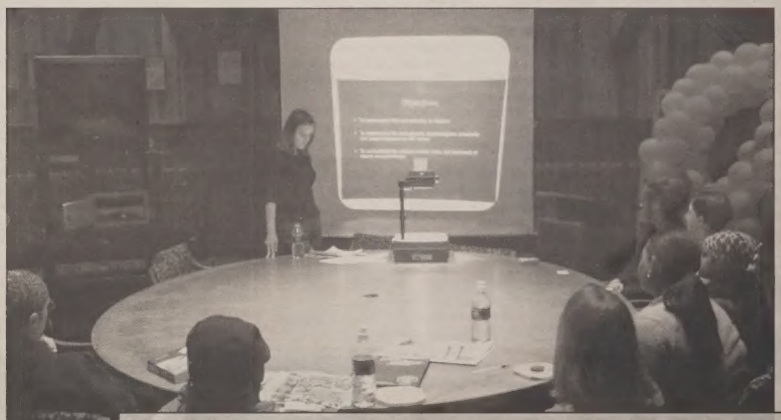
"Good boy Mr. Morgan, we're almost done here."

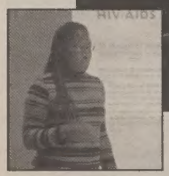
Andrew C. Epstein (TLOD)

MANIAC THE MANIAC
WHAT DOES THAT FEEL LIKE EXACTLY?
DOES IT FEEL WIKE WUV?
AVERAGE BABY
YOU WILL ALL FEEL MY DEATH- <KUSH!
AVERAGE MAN IN SUIT
NO! IT FEELS LIKE PURE PAIN, SUFFERING, AND DEATH!
YOU DONT KNOW HOW I FEEL!
BLUH! I LOVE THINGS THAT FEEL LIKE LOVE
AVERAGE VAMPIRE
AVERAGE REAPER

life

Deconstructing AIDS at UTSC





Christian Lucier
Life Editor

About thirty students and three guest speakers gathered in the Council Chambers last Wednesday for an educational seminar that deconstructed AIDS and its effects on the world today. This deadly disease was discussed in a number of ways, but the focus was primarily on the international, academic, and local levels. The guest speakers at this seminar were Adele Halliday, a Resource Coordinator of Global Education for World Vision, Wendy Medved, a representative from the Polaris HIV Seroconversion Study Group of the University of Toronto, and James Murray, a member of the AIDS Committee of Toronto.

Halliday handled the international portion of the seminar. Her presentation focused on the ongoing problem of AIDS cases in Africa. Halliday stated that 70% of Africans have HIV and that a staggering 95% of all AIDS cases worldwide are based in Africa. Of those infected with the HIV virus, the majority of these people die in their 20's, 30's, and 40's. Due to this pattern in the age of death, an entire generation of Africans is absent, which obviously results in a number of serious problems. There are frighteningly large numbers of orphans, a plague of starvation, and a serious lack of medical supplies, just to name a few. Over the last ten years, World Vision has been implementing community-based mobilization programs to help people in need. The design of these programs are to educate and inform Africans about HIV and to provide support where it is needed, be it food, shelter, or medication. One key pillar of these programs is to follow the ABC's, which stand for Abstinence, Be faithful, and use a Condom. Halliday also showed a video from a small community in Northern Tanzania where similar programs have made a change for the better. Clean and healthy children were shown in class singing songs containing words, such as: "I know where the AIDS virus hides." The video provided hope that the horrible plague of AIDS in Africa could be combatted with education.

The next speaker was Wendy Medved. Medved's presentation was incredibly complex and very difficult for a layman to follow. At times, it felt like one needed a medical degree in order to understand the series of complex charts and graphs that were shown. If anything, Medved's presentation had one interesting point, which was that in Ontario from 1992-1996 there was a decrease in the presence of HIV, while from 1997 on, there has been a drastic increase. Medved notes that there are numerous theories as to why there has been an increase, but there has not been any definite conclusion.

After a short break from Medved's presentation, James Murray took to the stage. Murray began with a few comments about some of the tasks and activities the AIDS Committee of Toronto does. Not only does this committee supply food to those with AIDS who cannot afford it, but also they have implemented a buddy system where members can get a chance to get out of the house and socialize. Murray also focused on an ad campaign implemented by the AIDS Committee of Toronto to promote condom use. This campaign was called the Condom Country campaign. What is important to note about the Condom Country campaign is that since it was an ad campaign, a lot of people were exposed to it and took in the message. However, as Murray points out, even though ad campaigns are effective, they are incredibly expensive and competitive. Unfortunately, there will not be many more campaigns such as this, due to the expense. Murray also touched on the lack of resources. He points out how the government will only give a certain amount of money every year to each organization, but since the epidemic is getting bigger, the resources just don't meet their requirement.

All in all, the seminar was very informative and well-run, but considering the severity of the subject matter, it was sad to see such a small turnout.

Say What?

While essentially a Catholic holiday St. Patrick's day has become synonymous with the celebration of the Irish. Hence, it is also a celebration of drunkenness. As stated in "The Boondock Saints" everyone is Irish on St. Patty's Day. So *The Underground* went around the school mid-afternoon on Monday to see if anyone was celebrating in true Irish style. Apparently *The Underground* staff are the only ones dedicated to the spirit of the holiday. This is especially surprising considering only one of them has a hint of Irish in him. We were too drunk and couldn't come up with a witty insult for those who are indeed Irish but were not indeed drunk, so we'll simply say that if you are Irish and weren't drunk all day Monday then you have been insulted. How? We don't know, just know that you have been insulted; maybe it has to do with your mom…

Cam Steed
Are you Irish? "No."
Are you drunk? "Not yet." The spirit may be in him…

Mr. I don't wanna give my name cuz I have authentic Irish stuff (???)
Are you Irish? "Yes." Finally…
Are you drunk? "No, but I have a shillelagh!!!" Apparently he's cool cuz he has an authentic leprechaun walking stick, made by a leprechaun… Coolness, dear sir, is denoted by drunkenness on this day of days…

Nazhia Nasir (who, at the time, was working a shift at Tim Horton's).
Are you Irish? "No." (I think we should have known the answer to that question…)
Are you drunk? "No." (We probably should have known the answer to this one too…)

John Loerchner
Are you Irish? "Irisher than you…"
Are you drunk? "Fffffuck, youuuuu. Wanna fffight?"

Fathima Mohiuddin
Are you Irish? "Um, well, no?"
Are you drunk? "Hey? Shit…"

Gordon Lane
Are you Irish? "Very well yes I am yes."
Are you drunk. "In relation to you? Insanely drunk."

Garth Jensen
Are you Irish? "No."
Are you drunk? "No." So simple you are, my son…

David Fish
Are you Irish? "No, I'm not."
Are you drunk? "No, I'm not, surprisingly enough." I'm surprised too…

James Joyce
Are you Irish? "Yes."
Are you drunk? "No." Ye shall be punished severely for invoking such a sacred name as Joyce, on such a Sacred day as St. Patty's day, and for being such a sacred thing as Irish, but not being the epitome of sacred which is drunk!

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The End of the End

Or every time you drop the bomb

Satan's Bakesale

Andrew C. Epstein, (TLOD)

The other night I found myself at the Bloor Theatre watching Dark Side of Oz for the umpteenth time. For the uneducated, Dark Side of Oz is the classic film, The Wizard of Oz, with Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* played instead of the movie soundtrack (it really fits, kiddies). At any rate it was more crowded that it tends to be, which of course meant there would be a lot more of us hot-boxing the balcony than usual.

This suited me just fine. Actually, it was a wonderful sight to see. I wondered to myself if this was what Amsterdam was like, and then I wondered if Toronto would follow suit. I mean, it's not like the police ever come and bust people in the theatre. I'm sure the pigs... I mean the police have a lot more important things to do than to arrest a room of people smoking pot (one young man's plea for acid fell on deaf ears).

Perhaps it was a sign that more and more people are embracing the sort of free spirit that Toronto only claims to have. Aleister Crowley said "do what though wilt, shall be the whole of the law". It would be nice to think that Toronto is going to be ground zero for that. Lots of people would say that would only lead us to Armageddon, but I for one would welcome it.

I think that if the world were wiped clean and nature got a second chance to make things right, then the universe might be a lot better off. But in reality if the world were restarted, we'd probably end up somewhere near where we are. The threat of "war" presides over every newspaper headline, and people cower in fear. It's come to the point where millions of people all over the globe fear death from above every day. It's just that people on this side of the Atlantic have never really done so until now. So it's officially global fear now.

People have never really been given a choice as to how any of these things will go down. Nobody really gets to make any real decisions, only "choose" those who make them (in the cases of our neighbours to the south, that didn't even happen this time). So here we are with no choice in the matter, and we are constantly being told that we might die at any time, in any place, by any means. So we must always be vigilant because your mother could be a terrorist and she might try and steal your freedom. Funny, I had assumed that McCarthyism was dead. But the face of "evil" has just been changed in the slot machine of hate and ignorance.

It feels like an impossible task, to pry ourselves out of the spokes of self-destruction. So we all go bipolar and feel hopeful one moment and despair the next. We are never sure we can breathe (although the toxins in our air say we shouldn't), or even say what we feel. Feelings are bad you know, so are opinions, unless they are the same as the ones that people have on TV. In the end there's only going to be one person on Earth, with only one thought in its head, but it won't remember what it was.

I don't think anyone could pinpoint the actual moment where everything started to slide. We'd be arguing forever (or for as much time we have left) if we tried. I guess I feel that we're past the point of no return that any moment everything will come to a head. I could just see the story in the papers, if there was going to be one.

Why Didn't We See It Coming?

By some asshole

Yesterday at approximately 7AM EST, US forces laid Baghdad to waste with napalm charges. However Iraqi president Hussein had already beaten the Americans to the punch by killing off most of his own population with massive executions, but a spokesperson for the US military felt that the American people should be shown that the US military budget is being used for something.

Two hours later PLO and Israeli forces clashed in battle in the middle of Tel Aviv. The sound of gunshots and mortar fire could be heard for miles. The fighting spread, and most residential areas lay in ruins. Most families both Arab and Jew have been reduced to wandering nomadically from place to place in a desperate search for food.

Back in the US four nuclear bombs that had been smuggled in through customs in someone's underwear decimated New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, and Washington DC. With no government or celebrities to tell them what to do the American people exploded in a mass of rioting and murder. The KKK emerged in full force as hundreds of Klansmen marched north lynching blacks and homosexuals wherever they could find them. Most people fled north in fear of the mobs, but to no avail as all pleas for a peaceful resolution by the Canadian government were ignored by the angry masses.

You get the picture. Every day we're told that we are one step closer to death. Whether it's our own, our country's, or the whole world. But that night in the theatre, freedom actually did exist. Which says to me that for everyone pulling in one direction, there's a few of us pulling back. I'm pretty sure the former will win this global tug-of-war, but at least we'll get in some fun before it's all over.

A P U S *** Association of Part-time Undergraduate Students * (APUS)**

Spring Referenda: March 25-28

Don't forget to vote by mail (NO online voting)

APUS is holding referendum votes on **three questions** this spring:
a dental plan for part-time undergraduates,
a cost of living increase to the APUS fee, and
a part-time undergrad levy for The Varsity newspaper.

The full wording of the questions has already been published twice in The Varsity (March 3 and March 6 editions), and can be found at **www.apus.utoronto.ca**.

All part-time undergraduates currently registered at the U of T St George campus, U of T at Scarborough, and U of T at Mississauga, are eligible to vote.

Part-time undergrads should be receiving ballots in the mail anytime between Thursday March 20 and Monday March 24.There will be NO online voting.

Ballots must either be mailed in, using the pre-addressed, postage-prepaid envelope provided, or placed in one of the special drop boxes provided. Referendum drop boxes will be place in both APUS offices on the St George campus, in the EPUS office at UTM, and in the office of the Scarborough Campus Students' Union (SCSU), Room B-330, in the B-wing of UTSC.

To vote by mail (Canada Post, NOT Campus Mail), ballots must be mailed by 5: 00pm Wednesday, March 26 in order to arrive on time. To vote through one of the drop boxes, ballots must be dropped off at one of the locations specified above by 5pm on Friday March 28, which is the deadline to receive all ballots.

If you have any questions, please contact the APUS Liaison Officer: (416) 978-7594 OR **sundaram.apus@utoronto.ca**.

University of Toronto At Scarborough
POLICE

Cops' Hair Cropped for Cancer

UTSC Officers in Annual Cops for Cancer Headshave Event

Cpl. Chris Charalambous
UTSC Police

On Thursday April 03, 2003 between 12 - 2 pm in the Meeting Place, six UTSC Police officers, as well as six UTSC students, will be participating in the 3rd annual on campus Cops For Cancer Head Shaving Event. The officers and students have pledged to have their heads shaved in an effort to raise money for the Canadian Cancer Society and show support for children with cancer. With the support of the Scarborough Campus Student Union, this year's effort can be our best yet!!! Please come out for fun, pizza, raffle prizes and of course, to watch the officers and students donate their hair in the fight against cancer.

The Cops For Cancer Campaign started in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada in 1994 when Gary Goulet of the Edmonton Police Service met Lyle Jorgenson, a five year old boy who had cancer. Goulet requested the meeting after learning that Lyle was being teased at school because of his hair loss due to chemotherapy. Goulet was so moved by his story that he decided to do something about it. The officer shaved his head in order to show Lyle that it was cool to be bald. Goulet then took his cause to the Edmonton Police Service where other officers also pledged to have their heads shaved in the fight against cancer. To date, the Cops For Cancer campaign has raised over $11 million across Canada.

Together we can make cancer history.

The UTSC Performance Art Class Presents

15 Thoughts

an afternoon of performance art

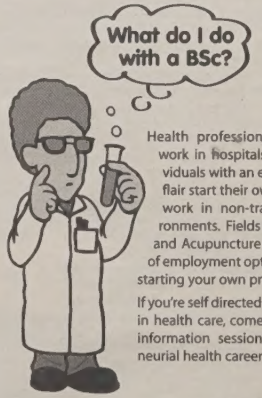
March 25
3-5 PM
In The
Meeting Place

With performances by:

Gail Brignell
Kendy Chan
Gary Chen
Heather Kanabe
Madeha Khalid
Sumera Khan
Jonathan Lai
Margaret Leung
Wynne Leung
Mark Li
John Loerchner
Brad Meisner
Kevin On
B. Pollard
Eliza Yeung

Are you a BSc student or graduate?
Wondering what to do with your science degree?
Don't want to spend 7+ years becoming a MD?

Consider a career in health care.



Health professionals don't just work in hospitals – many individuals with an entrepreneurial flair start their own practices or work in non-traditional environments. Fields like Chiropody and Acupuncture offer a variety of employment options, including starting your own practice.

If you're self directed and interested in health care, come to Michener's information session on entrepreneurial health careers.

The Michener Institute For Applied Health Sciences

Information Session:
Thursday, March 20, 2003
6:00 – 8:00 pm
The Michener Institute
222 St. Patrick Street, Toronto
(Dundas & University)

Please RSVP to info@michener.ca or (416) 596-3177

www.michener.ca

events

If you know of an event that might benefit from a little bit of buzz (i.e. Ticketmaster is not involved) let us know by sending an email with "EVENTS" in the subject line to: *undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca*

***The Underground* and its staff do not guarantee any information printed in this listing. Due to the often sketchy nature of such events, the details are liable to change, or be outright false. Make use of any contact information provided beforehand.... and otherwise, have fun!**

March 19 4:15-6PM Jack McClelland, Writer-in-Residence, 2003. The Department of English invites you to a Reading by Dr. Albert Moritz. A Reception will follow the Reading in Massey College Common Room, Massey College, 4 Devonshire Place. Room: Massey College Upper Library.

March 19 5:15-6:15PM Bronfman Lecture. Andrea and Charles Bronfman Chair in Israeli Studies presents: Professor Yaron Ezrahi, the Israel Democracy Institute, and the Hebrew University of Yerusalem will discuss: Could the Current Arab-Israeli Conflict "Produce" another Israel? Munk Centre, 1 Devonshire Place. Room: Campbell Facility.

March 19 7PM R.M. Vaughan & Michael Holmes. Toronto-based visual artist and writer R.M. Vaughan will be reading selections of his poetry in response to the Textile Museum's Boys with Needles exhibition. Admission is $7.00 for non-members; $6.00 for members, students PWYC.
Textile Museum of Canada, 55 Centre Avenue (Dundas & University, St. Patrick Subway) Toronto. 416-599-5321, info@textilemuseum.ca, www.textilemuseum.ca. Boys with Needles runs until May 4, 2003

March 19-20 The National Job Fair. 50-100 attending exhibitors will be looking to fill a variety of positions, as well as answer all your questions. An ideal place for college and university students to seek full-time or summer employment. Metro Toronto Convention Centre, Exhibit Hall C, 255 Front St W. Info: Suzanne Thompson 416.323.9149, ext. 402.

March 19 5-7PM Joint Centre of Excellence for Research on Immigration and Settlement (CERIS) Seminar. Mr. Charles T. Adeyanju addresses topics of international migration, race and ethnicity relating to migration from Nigeria. All are welcome to participate. CERIS, 5th floor, Room 548, 248 Bloor W. http://ceris.metropolis.net. Info: 416.946.3110.

March 20 7:30PM When the Body Says No. March 19-26, 2003. Opening Reception March 19, 2003 at 7:30PM, The Gallery, University of Toronto at Scarborough. BODY-Not My Autobiography, curated by Melissa Calder. Unique perspectives and works surrounding women living with disease or living at dis-ease in Western society. The works displayed in this exhibit explore the female body as other, object, or abject. notmybio@yahoo.ca

March 20 4:30PM Halving Premature Mortality Worldwide Sir Richard Peto, Professor of Medical Statistics and Epidemiology, University of Oxford. Global Life expectancy has improved more in the last 40 years than in the preceding 4,000 years. Substantial extension of these remarkable gains is possible. Medical Sciences Building. Room: 3153. liliana.federico@utoronto.ca

March 20 4:15-6PM Department of English - Lecture Series Professor Thomas Keymer (Oxford University) will give a lecture titled Sentimentalism, Philanthropy and the Novel. University College, Room: 161. Tanuja Persaud 416-978-6039, english@chass.utoronto.ca.
March 20 6-8PM Celtic Studies Speakers Series. Colm Lennon, Department of History, National University of Ireland-Maynooth. The Beginnings of Irish Catholic Theology in the Early Modern Period [illegible] http://www.utoronto.ca/stmikes/celticstudies. Alumni Hall, 121 St. Joseph Street. Room: 400. Jean Talman 416-926-7145, jean.talman@utoronto.ca.

March 20 4:30PM "In the Margins: Medieval Prayer Books and their Users." Leonard Boyle Memorial lecture by Eamon Duffy, Magdelene College, Cambridge. USMC Alumni Hall, 121 St. Joseph Street, Room: 100. Info: Ann Hutchison, 416-926-1300 x 3396.

March 20 6:30-9PM Video by Frank Dorrel, held at the border by Canada Customs "WHAT I'VE LEARNED ABOUT U. S. FOREIGN POLICY: CIA COVERT OPERATIONS AND PENTAGON INTERVENTIONS SINCE WORLD WAR II." Room 179, University College, 15 King's College Circle. Free, donations appreciated. The 2-hour video is a compilation of excerpts from 10 different professional US documentaries, edited together by Frank Dorrel. fdorrel@addictedtowar.com, www.addictedtowar.com, http://scienceforpeace.sa.utoronto.ca, 416-535-6605.

March 20 7PM Satan Macnuggit Popular Arts And Majestic Nights of Film Excellence Present THE FUCK GEORGE BUSH FILM FESTIVAL. Innis College, 2 Sussex at St. George. Free.

March 20 11AM Media collage workshop as part of Media Subversion Day. The Fireside Lounge, Fine Arts Building, York University. Middle of nowhere. Contact Jonathan Culp at satanmacnuggit@tao.ca or 905-562-7267. MEDIA COLLAGE WORKSHOP, MEDIA SUBVERSION DAY.

March 20-25 Opening reception March 20, 8PM TRINITY SQUARE VIDEO & InterAccess Electronic Media Arts Centre. A Retrospective of his Performance Work on DVD. TSV Gallery, 401 Richmond Street W., Suite 376. TSV will be presenting a retrospective of Stelarc's performance work in conjunction with his visit to Toronto to present his latest project 'Prosthetic Head'. www.trinitysquarevideo.com roy@trinitysquarevideo.com. InterAccess Electronic Media Arts Centre, 401 Richmond Street W., Suite 444 http://www.interaccess.org, 416.599.7206. Gallery Hours: Tuesday to Saturday, noon - 5:00 p.m.

March 21 8PM Celebrations!: Hatzis@50, Birthday Celebration. Music of Christos Hatzis: Melisma, Arctic Dreams, Quartet no.1 "The Awakening", http://www.utoronto.ca/music. Edward Johnson Building, 80 Queen's Park, Room: Walter Hall. Price: $20 adults, $10 students & seniors. Purchase Location: Faculty of Music Box Office. 416.978-3744.

March 21 8PM World of Music - World Music Ensembles Gala Concert. A celebration of the rich musical heritage of the world. Featuring Balinese, Japanese and African drumming and dancing music. http://www.utoronto.ca/music. Edward Johnson Building, 80 Queen's Park. Room: MacMillan Theatre. Price: $12 adults, $6 seniors and students. Purchase Location: Faculty of Music Box Office: 416-978-3744

March 22 7PM The No Weapons In Space Campaign (NOWIS) invites you: public forum: "WEAPONS IN SPACE - Projecting Power from the Heavens or Peaceful Collaboration?" Sanford Fleming Building, Rm. 410,140 King's College Rd. Free. 416-927-7686 or ferguson@socialjustice.org.

March 22 10AM-3PM Summer Sublet Saturday Student Housing Service Details: (416) 978-8045 terry.johnston@utoronto.ca

March 24 8PM Shoshana Shier Distinguished Visiting Professor in Jewish Studies Lecture Series. Visiting speaker: Prof. Wolf Moskovich, The Hebrew University of Jerusalem: "The Russian Aliyah and Israeli Society." 15 King's College Circle, Room: 140. Eva Hollander (416)978-8118.

March 25 10AM-4PM Refugee Law Office, Legal Aid Ontario invites you to: A presentation on the "Immigration & Refugee Protection Act." (IRPA) Metro Hall, 55 John St., 3rd floor, Room, 308/309. RSVP by March 23.BY FAX: (416) 977-5567, or email Tabibzan@lao.on.ca.

March 25 7PM Lecture - Ethnic Cleansing of Poles in Volhynia, 1943-44. Polish Students' Association at UofT and the Adam Mickiewicz Foundation in Canada invite you to a lecture by Krzsztof Lada, Ph.D. Candidate, Department of History, University of Alberta. Music Room at Hart House-free. kb.piskorz@utoronto.ca.

March 25 7-11PM Open Studio – Deal Me In Open Studio needs to find a new home... and the artists in the Studio have created a dazzling deck of cards to raise money for our move. Come to Hugh's Room for Deal Me In! It's a party and silent auction of original art (bidding starts at $25) to launch Open Studio's deck of playing cards. 54 unique images by Open Studio artists. Hugh's Room, 2261 Dundas St. W. (South of Bloor, near Dundas W. Station). Free. Featuring Vegas-style performers: Amy Nitrate spins Jazz, Lounge, Funk + Disco. 416.504.8238, emailoffice@openstudio.on.ca, http://www.openstudio.on.ca
Dress Vegas!!!!

March 26 4PM ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES SEMINAR: Toronto's urban forest: its role in carbon sequestration and air pollution mitigation. By ANDY KENNEY, Assistant Professor, Faculty of Forestry, University of Toronto; http://www.utoronto.ca/env/seminars/env-spring.html. Earth Sciences Centre, Huron and Bancroft Streets, in Geology section of building. Room: 2093. Mona El-Haddad 416-978-6526 m.elhaddad@utoronto.ca.

March 26 2:30-4:30PM Working in Canada for International Students. Career Centre, Details: (416)978-8001 terry.johnston@utoronto.ca.

March 26 9PM YYZ Books and Pages bookstore present: A launch party for Why Stoics Box Essays on Art and Society, by Jeanne Randolph, The Gladstone Hotel. With live music Ratsicule and other bands

March 27 ArtBar (FASA and Drama Society) Enjoy an evening with the Fine Arts Student Association (FASA) and the Drama Society in the Attic. ArtBar is open to all students and the public, we will enjoy voluntary performances by students in music, dance, theatre, performance art and more. Afterwards we will take a chartered bus to an artsy bar in Downtown Toronto and dance the night away with friends. Email fasa_utsc@yahoo.ca for more details.